



# BOREAS



*Bingham High School - 1944*

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This issue of the Boreas is dedicated to the memory of  
GERALD GIBERSON

who gave his life in the service of his country, July 12, 1943

and

to the men and women of this community who are serving their country  
on the land, on the sea, and in the air

Oh, God, hear this our humble prayer  
For our young men who are over there".  
Guide them through doubt, temptation, fear,  
Stay close to them, whom we hold so dear.

And be with us, may we truly live,  
Worthy of all they so freely give.  
May we work harder, that war shall cease—  
Then, God, give us power to make real peace.

Nellie Macdougall '44





# Call to Colors



## In the United States

| Name and Station                      | Class   | Cpl. Gerald Hanlin, Kentucky             | Ex. '30 |
|---------------------------------------|---------|------------------------------------------|---------|
| Evander Andrews, Jr. (Navy), New York | '43     | Capt. Earl Hill, Texas                   | '30     |
| George Adams, Mississippi             | Ex. '45 | S/Sgt. Peter La Montague                 | Ex. '38 |
| Lt. Craig Barnaby, New Mexico         | '34     | Lawrence Malloy                          | '36     |
| P.F.C. Eugene Beane, Connecticut      | '41     | Cpl. Herbert Martin, Texas               | Ex. '40 |
| P.F.C. Terry Beane, Georgia           | '38     | Cpl. Leon McDonald, Ohio                 | '42     |
| Sgt. Lewis Cahill, Florida            | Ex. '38 | Emery Mc Intyre, New York                | Ex. '45 |
| Clarence Chasse, Louisiana            | Ex. '45 | Harry Melcher (Air Corps), Colorado      | Ex. '43 |
| Pearl Collins (W. A. C.)              |         | Alvin Morine, North Carolina             | '40     |
| James Collins, Texas                  |         | Sgt. Earl Savage, Oklahoma               | '36     |
| Major William Craig, Georgia          | '35     | Kenneth Shaw, Oregon                     | Ex. '40 |
| Philip Curtis, North Carolina         |         | P.F.C. Lowell Steward                    |         |
| Cpl. Stuart Dunton, California        | Ex. '40 | Ens. Donald Sawyer                       |         |
| Gerald Forsythe, New Jersey           | '36     | Sgt. William Shaw, Virginia              |         |
| Cpl. William Folsom, Colorado         | '41     | Aubrey Smith, Georgia                    | '39     |
| Ens. Clarence Gilman, Texas           | '38     | Wilfred Small                            | '30     |
| Sgt. E. Maurice Giguere, New Jersey   | '38     | Richard Spaulding (Air Corps), Louisiana | '39     |
| Russell Goff (Navy), New Hampshire    | Ex. '44 | Dwight Witham                            | '30     |
| Sgt. Arthur Goodrich, Massachusetts   | Ex. '43 | Blin Witham, Florida                     | '30     |
| Lawrence Gehrke, Louisiana            | Ex. '44 | Guy Wililams, Tennessee                  |         |
| John Gordon, Jr., North Carolina      | '43     | Lt. Morris Wing, Louisiana               | '37     |
| Gerard Guay, Florida                  | '40     | Merle Woodard, North Carolina            | Ex. '43 |
| P.F.C. Blaine Hale, Nebraska          | '40     | Virginia Young (W. A. V. E. S.) N. Y.    | '41     |

## In the Pacific Area

|                                              |         |                              |         |
|----------------------------------------------|---------|------------------------------|---------|
| Sgt. Arlie Bigelow, New Guinea               | Ex. '37 | Merwin Laweryson (Navy)      | '38     |
| James Bigelow                                | Ex. '43 | Norman McQuilkin (Air Corps) | '42     |
| 2C Petty Off. Albert Dunton (Navy Air Corps) | '40     | P.F.C. Eldon Morine          | Ex. '43 |
| Stanton Giberson (Ph. M. 1/c (Navy)          | '39     | Cpl. Glen Rollins            | '41     |
| Harry Goodrich, New Caledonia                | Ex. '43 | Robert Steward, New Zealand  | Ex. '36 |
| Milton Laweryson (Navy)                      | '41     | Cpl. Roger Williams          | '38     |
|                                              |         | Wililam Whitman (Seabees)    | Ex. '44 |





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**Call to Colors**  
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### In the European Area

|                                                |         |                                          |         |
|------------------------------------------------|---------|------------------------------------------|---------|
| Cpl. Clifford Atwood, India                    | Ex. '42 | Robert McFee, England                    | Ex. '42 |
| Louis Batchelder (Air Corps) India             | '41     | P.F.C. Eugene Martin, England            | Ex. '40 |
| Bernard Carl, Italy                            |         | Robert Morine (Navy)                     |         |
| Wendall Cates, England                         | Ex. '43 | Weldon Morris, Italy                     | Ex. '43 |
| P.F.C. Gerald Chase, Italy                     | Ex. '43 | Reginald Padham (Navy)                   |         |
| Mansfield Chase                                | Ex. '42 | Lawrence Pooler                          | '42     |
| Capt. John Craig, India                        | '37     | P.F.C. Roger Padham, England             |         |
| Dwight Fournier (Navy)                         | Ex. '38 | Cpl. Erland Ricker, England              | '39     |
| Cpl. Emmanuel Foster (Paratroops) Eng-<br>land | Ex. '42 | Sgt. Blaine Robinson, Italy              | Ex '35  |
| Lt. Bruce Gilbert, Italy                       | Ex. '40 | Sgt. Merrill Rollins (Air Corps) England | '39     |
| Sgt. Kenneth Hanlin, England                   | Ex. '42 | P.F.C. Blyn Rollins, England             |         |
| Lt. James Hilton (Air Corps)                   | Ex. '40 | Cpl. Earl Smith, Italy                   | '39     |
| Lt. Norman Huggins, Italy                      | '34     | Edgar Tremblay                           | Ex. '43 |
| PFC. Frank Hunnewell, England                  | Ex. '40 | Cpl. A. Wellman West, North Africa       | '36     |
|                                                |         | Sgt. Stephen Young, England              | '33     |

### Destination Unknown

|                |         |                        |     |
|----------------|---------|------------------------|-----|
| Bruce Coleman  | Ex. '43 | 2nd Lt. Irene Worthley | '31 |
| Cedric Coleman | Ex. '32 | John Doregthy          |     |

We have tried to get the right addresses of the men who have ever attended Bingham High School, but as these are liable to change, we hope you will excuse any mistakes made.

Geneva Goff '45





## BOREAS EDITORIAL BOARD

Standing (l. to r.): R. Garland, F. Tibbetts, G. Berry.

Seated (l. to r.): J. Potter, G. Goff, C. Lane, N. Macdougall, R. Quigley, G. Croteau, M. VanDyk.

## "BOREAS" EDITORIAL BOARD

|                           |                   |                               |                   |
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| Bus. & Adv. Manager ..... | Ray Garland       | Senior Class Statistics ..... | Christine Lane    |
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| Junior Editor .....       | Jeanette Potter   | Joke & Exchange Ed. ...       | Alvida Manchester |

This year the editorial board of the "Boreas", is trying to make our publication a little different from last year's. We feel that our year book will travel farther and have a wider circulation than ever before, since copies will be sent to boys and girls in the armed services. We are dedicating this tenth edition of the "Boreas" to those from this community who are serving in the armed forces because we feel that none deserve it more than they.

We are trying, for that reason to

get away from the atmosphere of war in this year book, and have more subjects which deal with our home community and its surroundings. We hope that all who read this year's "Boreas" will find parts to interest them. To all our former students in service we send greetings and we wish to thank all here at home who have helped to make it possible for us to publish and present to the public, the "Boreas" for 1944.

F. Tibbetts '44



# EDITORIALS

## EDITORIAL

If anyone should step up to you and ask you what we needed most at Bingham High School, what do you think you would say? Well, I will tell you. Maybe it is not what you would think of, but it what I know. What we need most is good school spirit, something to urge students on toward the goal. We need more "PRODUCTION". Pupils must work harder; they must take a different and more interested attitude toward the school and its teachers. Teachers cannot teach a lesson to a group of boys and girl who are not interested. It is strictly impossible. If a student does not care whether or not he learns, and if he has no real school spirit, it gives anyone a rather vivid picture of what the outlook will be.

I know that there are many people who have never completed school. I know also, that out of a good many of those who did not continue their education, the reason was from their own choice. I will admit, however, that there are those who had home duties which made it necessary for them to give up their schooling. If you will notice, is is those who have had to give up school who have wanted most to continue. But those who took their choice, left because of a lack of the true school "SPIRIT". There was nothing binding them to the school. Now let's all get together and say, "MORE PRODUCTION IN '45".

P. G. B. '46

## "IFFEN"

If only I were out of high school! ! Then I would know real happiness. How one can endure twelve grueling years of school is more than I can surmise, but what a wonderful feeling it must be to get away from the monotony of the same old classes, the same old teachers, and the same old school building!

Surprisingly, some people like school. The only ones whom I have seen who ever liked school are the mentally decrepit and the teachers' pets".

If I were out of school, I would work for some rich corporation. I would earn a small fortune; then I would be very, very nice to all the school-kiddies. I would buy all the schools in the state and burn them all at once. I would be a state hero, I betcha. If I were only out of school! ! !

William L. O'Brien '46

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## CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS

There are many new ideas for the post-war world, some of which are difficult to understand; but one which concerns us closely is the plan for a consolidated school in our own community. The idea of such schools is by no means new, for consolidation has been carried out in many parts of the United States, and has proved successful. Such schools have already proved their value in New York State; for without a doubt, New York has the



best rural schools in the world. These schools serve in a rough circle an area of twenty miles or more. The consolidated school is usually a two-story brick building and includes a bus garage, athletic field, playground, and tennis courts. It contains about twenty-five classrooms besides a library, music rooms, health room, gymnasium, auditorium and a cafeteria.

Such a school can offer special courses, which include agriculture, art, home economics, manual training, physical education, and band and orchestra work. It can have a librarian, guidance director, and a nurse. These are some of the educational benefits derived from consolidation.

As to the school plant, it can afford adequate heating, ventilation, lighting and better and more satisfactory equipment than could be had otherwise.

We know that in this territory there are schools having only ten pupils. The total cost for educating these ten is \$3,000, while if they were being transported to a consolidated school this cost would be \$100 to \$150 per pupil. We can see that this would cut the cost in two. At the present time our curriculum is not broad enough to offer us courses that will be of more practical use to us in later life and be of the greatest interest to us at the present time. This is a changing world and we must face the changes or be left behind in the march forward. We should have courses varied enough to offer each individual the subjects suited to his abilities and helpful to him in earning a living.

Can we not have broader courses of study such as those offered in con-

solidated schools, where commercial, shop, agriculture and technical courses are given? Can we not have a school building with modern heating, lighting, ventilation, cafeteria service, gymnasium, and the other advantages that children of the consolidated schools are enjoying?

Are we in this area not big enough to overcome the obstacles and to plan for our future needs? The State Department of Education has already made plans for such post-war schools, and if we in Bingham want one of these schools enough to work for it, we can have it. The Federal government would furnish one-half of the money for such a school, the State would furnish one-fourth, and the communities included in the consolidation would furnish the rest of the money needed.

Is it not possible to offer much more to the young people of this area by cooperation, by planning, and by pooling our resources than by all going separate ways? If each boy in the service had to fight alone, he would make little progress, but the combined efforts of all bring forth the best results, we shall get them much sooner and they will be the best.

In a short time other districts will be having consolidated schools and if we do not have them at the same time or even before, our youth will go outside this district to receive the benefits of the better educational advantages that other schools can offer them. Let us all work together and be first in this great step forward in education here in our own community.

Christine Lane '44





#### FACULTY

Standing (l. to r.): Miss Marguerite Russell, Miss Elsie Hight, Mr. Rudolph Quint.  
Seated: Mrs. Geraldine Hannay, Principal John J. Kassay.

#### THE FACULTY

Mr. John J. Kassay. Principal—Math.—Sciences.

Bates A.B. 1922; Bates A.M. 1926.

Extension Course in Chemistry, Univ. of Chicago.

Summer session, University of California.

Somerset Academy, Kingfield, Guilford, Castine, Bingham.

Mr. Rudolph Quint. Manual Training—Math—Coach of Athletics.

U. of M. 1928-'30; Farmington Normal 1933-'39 (summer sessions)

New Portland, Bingham.

Mrs. Geraldine Hannay, Languages.

Colby A. B. 1921; Harvard 1936. Bates 1939.

Foxcroft Academy, Higgins, Bingham.

Miss Helen Nourse. Social Sciences.

Oberlin College 1917. Boston University 1936-37. Hartford School of  
Religion, A.M. 1940.

Somerset Academy, Sidney, O; W. Long Beach, N. J., Bingham

Miss Elsie Hight. Home Economics.

Nasson College B.S. 1943.

Bingham.

Miss Marguerite Russell. Junior high grades.

Farmington Normal. Gorham Normal.

Bingham Junior High.





#### STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing (l. to r.): E. Henderson, D. Sterling, J. Berry, Mr. Kassay, R. Garland, S. Pierce, J. Ingraham.

Seated: R. Robinson, G. Goff, C. Lane, S. Keene.

#### STUDENT COUNCIL

The purpose of the Student Council is to support and sponsor all school activities that are given by the school.

There are three representatives from each class, two are chosen by vote of the classes, and the third member is the President of the class who is also a member of the Council.

The Constitution has been posted on the school bulletin board so that all students may have a chance to study it.

The officers are: President, Christine Lane; Treasurer, Ray Garland; Secretary, Gerald Berry; Faculty Advisor, Principal Kassay.

The athletics sponsored for the year were: football, volley ball, intramural winter carnival, baseball and softball.

Activities sponsored for the year; Freshmen reception, Senior Play, so-

cial, prize speaking and the year book.

The following are some of the most important school matters that were voted on:

Awards for the boys who earned them playing baseball last spring.

Miss Hight was elected student treasurer.

To give War Stamps for prizes at our intramural Winter Carnival.

Appropriate money to buy blackout curtains for the windows. \$24.00 was voted.

To set aside \$15.00 to pay for the rental of movie films to be shown once a week.

The sale of Athletic tickets as last year.

The students that lived out of town and did not buy an Athletic ticket



were permitted to pay \$1.00 to support the motion picture programs.

Money to the amount of \$30.00 was voted for the boys' athletic equipment.

Money to the amount of \$25.00 was set aside for the Boreas Board.

Four delegates were chosen for the State Student Council Convention

meeting to be held in Augusta April 1, 1944. Those chosen were Ray Garland, Christine Lane, Geneva Goff and Gerald Berry.

Those four delegates gave reports at a general school assembly the following Friday.



#### CLASS OFFICERS

##### Senior:

President, Christine Lane; Vice-President, Lidstone; Sec. & Treas., Hazel Pierce; Representatives to the Student Council: Florence Gervais, Floriman Andrews.

##### Junior:

President, Jerry Berry; Vice-President, Barbara Pratt; Sec. & Treas., Hazel Pierce; Representatives to the Student Council: Donald Sterling, Geneva Goff.

##### Sophomore:

President, Sandra Keene; Vice-President, William O'Brien; Sec. & Treas., Bertha Lane; Representatives to the Student Council: Ray Garland, Helen Morris.

##### Freshman:

President, Eugene Henderson; Vice-President, Lee Bridges; Sec. & Treas., Shirley Begin; Representatives to the Student Council: James Ingraham, Sterling Pierce.



## BOREAS



## FLORIMAN ANDREWS

The boys in our class are rather scarce, but Flor-a-man makes up for all of that when it comes to teasing the girls. We wish you the best of luck in the Navy.

Third honor part; Member of Student Council 4; Member of the "Boreas" staff 4; Air raid warden 3, 4; Student librarian 4.



## MILDRED BEANE

As "Millie" lives a long way from town she is unable to participate in scholastic sports. A student well liked by the rest of the class is Millie. We hope you catch that sailor. Best of luck and "Keep-em-happy".

Senior play 4; P. T. leader 4; Home nursing 4; Hiking club 1, 3; Member of Student Council 2.



## FRANCES TIBBETTS

To "Tibbie", who has led our class throughout our four years at Bingham High, we owe much of our class success. A swell sport and an active member of many activities, we wish you, Tibbie, the best of luck in your chosen profession.

Valedictorian; Softball 1, 2, 3; Hiking 11, 2, 3; Prize Speaking 2, 4; First winner in prize speaking 3; Winner in essay contest 2; President of class 3; Member of "Boreas" staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior play 4; Winter carnival 4; "B" club 1, 2; Home nursing 4; Athletic committee 3; P. T. leader 3; Member of the Victory corps 3; D.A.R. candidate 4; Student librarian 4.



## FLORENCE GERVAIS

A member of many activities, "Flossy" is a friend to everyone, also an industrious correspondent to the boys in the service. With that personality we know you'll go to the top.

Member of Student Council 4; P. T. leader 3, 4; Air raid warden 3, 4; Senior play 4; Hiking club 1, 3; Member of "Boreas" staff 4; Home nursing 4; Senior librarian 4.



## CHRISTINE LANE

"Chris", or "Blondie" as she is sometimes known, is a swell sport, well liked by her fellow students. Whether you help "Archie" in the A. & P. or become a nurse, we know that you will succeed, Chris.

Class president 4; Student librarian 4; Senior play 4; President of Student Council 4; Prize speaking 3, 4; Victory Corps 3; P. T. leader 4; Home nursing 4; Hiking Club 1, 2, 3; Air raid warden 4; Member of the "Boreas" staff 4.



## ELIZABETH LIDSTONE

Here's to a real "pal", a friend to all in the class. "Lizzy" is a good worker, a grand sport, and has a determined personality. Keep the boys happy, Lizzy, and remember, we're plugging for you.

Salutatorian; Senior play 4; Vice president 3, 4; Hiking club 1, 3; Glee club 1; Music festival 1; Air raid warden 3, 4.



## ERWIN McDONALD

As in every class we have a quiet member who has no nickname but his steady, easy-going manner has won the friendship of all. To you, Erwin, we say, "Good luck and don't forget the Marines".



## HAZEL PIERCE

A cheerful member of our class, "Haze" keeps the Seniors in a jolly mood. A grand sport and an industrious worker, we wish you happiness in the years to come, Haze.

Softball 1, 2, 3; Class president 1; Secretary and Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Senior play 4; Hiking club 1, 2, 3; Member of the "B" club 1, 2; Member of the "Boreas" staff 3; P. T. leader 4; Home nursing 4; Victory corp 3.



## MARTHA VAN DYK

The red-headed typist of the class, "Martie" has the honor of being the principal's secretary and "Boreas" copy editor. A grand sport and a swell "kid", may success be yours in your chosen field.

Home nursing 4; P. T. leader 3, 4; Victory corps 3; Member of the "Boreas" staff 4; Senior play 4; Hiking club 3, 4; student librarian 4; Winter carnival 4.



## GERALDINE McMACKIN

A grand piano player and an all round musician, "Gerry" leads the school in the parade against boys. Make those negroes learn their music, Gerry, and lots of luck to you in the future.

Senior play 4; Music festival 1; Glee club 1.



## SENIOR STATISTICS

| Name                | Alias      | By Word<br>So What?    | Pastime<br>Teasing              | Noted for<br>Pestering the girls | Ambition<br>Sailor                          | Advice from Class<br>the girls       |
|---------------------|------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Floriman Andrews    | Flor-a-man |                        |                                 |                                  |                                             |                                      |
| Mildred Beane       | Milly      | I dare you to!         | Writing to a sailor             | Working on hope chest in school  | Navy Wife                                   | Don't give up the ship               |
| Florence Gervais    | Flossy     | What's cooking!        | Entertaining a taxi driver      | Whispering                       | Taxi driver                                 | Be conserving of gas and tires       |
| Christine Lane      | Chris      | Are you kidding!       | Loafing in the A & P            | Her fame with an A & P Clerk     | To be co-manager of A & P                   | Don't let him get away, Chris.       |
| Elizabeth Lidstone  | Liz        | No fooling!            | Writing to Gherke               | Chewing gum                      | That would be telling                       | Keep up the Army morale              |
| Erwin McDonald      | Erwie      | Well uh, I don't know. | It's a military secret          | Keeping still                    | Most anything                               | Come out of your shell               |
| Geraldine MacMackin | Jerry      | By hedges!             | Playing the piano               | Talking overtime                 | Music teacher                               | Watch that language                  |
| Hazel Pierce        | Hey-Hey    | By the red roar-       | Writing to Puck                 | Giggling                         | To live in Wiscasset                        | Watch yourself in Wiscasset cassette |
| Frances Tibbetts    | Tibbie     | What's the dif-        | Drawing                         | Knowing all the answers          | To find someone tall enough                 | Keep smiling and you'll find him     |
| Martha Van Dyk      | "Red"      | Who's that?            | Looking for a letter from Randy | Excellent typing                 | To have more authority with the Coast Guard | Don't worry, he'll write             |



## LITERARY

### THE VETERAN ANGLER

The day had come at last! He had dreamed of it ever since he was old enough to understand what "goin' fishin' " meant. His Dad was always going fishing up on the East Branch. He had often heard the other fishermen tell about the one that got away "right there below the Hulling Machine". And every time in answer to his questions his Dad had said, "Tell you what, I'll take you up there some day, when you can handle a rod."

Well, he certainly was no expert at "handling a rod". Six-year olds seldom are. In fact, he had made a mess of trying to cast out on the lawn but Dad had chuckled and said, "Guess you can go with me tomorrow." Just like that—as though it were nothing!

He was up before anyone else was awake. He waited impatiently and wondered why his father took so long in getting ready. He managed to get in his mother's way while she packed their lunch, until finally she sent him out of the kitchen.

He sat in the back steps and whistled. Whistling bothered him a little, because one tooth was missing in front. The other front tooth was loose, too. He hoped it would come out today. "Pug"—he was leader of the neighborhood gang—had lost both his front ones, and he had said it sure was a sign of being old and tough. So he wiggled it back and forth and watch-

a robin on the lawn digging for a worm. He sort of wished he was going to fish with worms because it was fun to dig them, but he was a fly fisherman like his Dad.

The screen door slammed shut. Dad appeared with his pack and rod. He raced out to the garage ahead of his father. When he got to the car, "Lad" was behind him, barking and dancing up and down. So he had to haul him back to the house and convince him he couldn't go.

Dad had the car backed out in front of the house. He rushed back and got in, slamming the door. "Where's your rod?"

"On the porch," he remembered. He ran faster this time for fear his father would get impatient and leave with out him.

Back in the car he had everything, and Mom had "Lad" in the house. The ride to the Forks in the glorious summer morning was just a necessary waste of time to him. At The Forks they turned onto the dirt road. He sat up, more excited now. They reached Moxie Lake, beautiful in the morning sun.

"Now," his father told him as he swung the car onto a very narrow road, "we're on the old railroad track."

He thought this over a while, puzzled. There was no track or sign of a train, only a narrow straight road.



He didn't want to ask his father stupid questions, so he gave it up and soon forgot it.

After a while he said, "I don't hear it."

"Don't hear what?"

"The Hulling Machine! I thought it made an awful noise!" He was disappointed.

"Wait till we get up there," his father laughed.

They left the car parked just below the old railroad bridge that crossed the East Branch. As soon as he climbed out, he heard a faint roaring, which seemed to come partly from the river below and partly from a long way off. His father strapped the pack on and started off on the trail, walking as easily as though it were an ordinary sidewalk, while he stumbled after him, taking two steps to his father's one. The trail led along the river but farther up on the bank, so that most of the time the river was hidden by the trees.

The roaring grew louder and louder. He was panting now, while his father walked without any apparent effort.

At last the trail turned and headed down to the bank. He thought he heard his father say something but the roar of the water drowned it out.

They stood on a ledge by the river and he gazed at the "Hulling Machine". He watched the rushing water-fall and spray. The drop was not very far, but there was so much water booming down over that the roar was deafening. He threw a stick into the white water and it disappeared at once.

His father climbed down the ledge which ran along the river and helped

him climb down. The ledge was flatter below the "Hulling Machine", so that it was easy to fish here. His father was telling him to stay away from the edge, and helping him rig up his line. When he was ready, his father moved up and fished above the "Hulling Machine." He could see him casting easily into the white water. He threw his leader with the White Ghost into the water. He stared at the dark water flowing past him and tried to see his line. At last he pulled as hard as he could, the fly came whizzing out of the water and shot over his head. It lay on the rocks behind him. He laid down his rod and went to pick it up. He walked as near as he dared to the water's edge and threw the fly in again. He ran to get his rod before a fish got off with the whole thing. He stood for a long time holding on tightly. Watching the swift water in the sun made him sleepy and a little dizzy. He looked at his father. He was still casting, lifting the rod easily, holding it a second, then moving it forward. The line sailed out gracefully.

It was about time for him to cast again, he decided. He lifted his rod carefully, but the line wouldn't come—it held fast. He had snagged it on the bottom; he was always doing that when he fished with worms. But how would he get it out? What would his father say if he lost the whole thing, "White Ghost" and all? Suddenly the line moved—it was going up towards the "Hulling Machine". A fish—he had a fish! he thought excitedly. He shouted for his father, but the roar was louder. He looked desperately in his direction. His father was watching—he almost thought he was laughing! The line went out farther and



farther. Sometimes he was sure the fish had got away; then the line would move again.

After a long time he "got mad" at that fish and pulled hard. The line came swiftly in and he got a glimpse of a huge fish. He stopped pulling. He was so surprised. He wished his father would help him!

After a while he thought, "I'll pull hard and pull him out onto the rocks"; but when he tried the fish flapped once and went off with more line. He was sweating hard. Gee, it was a big fish! He set the rod down, stepping carefully on the line so that the fish couldn't go any farther. Then he pulled in the line, hand over hand, slowly so as not to scare the fish. His father had given him a little net. How would he get the fish in? He pulled it up out of the water and it hung dangerously with its tail flapping and he put the net under it and dropped it in. To his surprise it went in easily. His father was coming toward him. He looked surprised and pleased.

"Hold him up so we can measure him," he said.

He had the fish pinned down to the rocks with both hands. So his father put his rule beside it.

"Sorry, Son, he's just twelve inches—got to put him back. Law says fourteen inches on salmon. That's part of the game, you know."

His father wet his hands and took hold of the fish. He slipped the fly out of its mouth.

"Here," he said, "You put him back and let him grow a couple inches while we're eating our lunch."

He carried it with both hands to the river edge and dropped him in. The

fish stayed on top for a second, and then disappeared.

He climbed back up the ledge to the top and sat down beside his father quietly. His father didn't say anything, just passed him a sandwich. He sat there eating and already he felt a little better. "Wait till I tell the gang," he thought. "Just wait till I tell them about the fish I caught!" He took a big bite and stopped chewing. Something hard was in the sandwich. He felt cautiously—it was the other tooth!

Nellie Macdougall '45

\* \* \* \*

#### MID-WINTER SCENES

The sun with all its flaming glory, peeps over Fletcher Mountain to cast a weathered eye on the old familiar, though much battered, landscape and seems to contemplate what should be done about it.

At this early hour the snow casts off a crystalline brilliance which only the sun could possibly look upon with scorn. Even the trees nearby seem to acknowledge the fact that it is morning for they are stretching their long, grey limbs toward the sky, as though yawning after having had an excellent night's sleep. Those are, of course, the hard woods, for the soft-woods still seem to sleep, nodding their heads unceasingly in the refreshing morning air.

The mountains, however, vary in their appearance, for old Moxie (to the north and east) raises a bold, but bare, head above all the surrounding country as though it too, agreed with the sun. The fact that it has a white, though slightly dirty, cap pulled low over its massive head only helps to emphasize its contempt.



A long roll of white hills stretches its muscled arm to the south from old Moxie and disappears below the tree tops juts before touching old Fletcher, which slopes up from the same great depths and humps its shoulder under the sun as though vainly trying to help it to its great height in the heavens.

Mayfield nestles itself like a wedge into this gap as though trying to hide itself and at the same time trying unsuccessfully to see what the outside world looks like. Why it should try to hide, even in winter, is beyond me, for it has a place of honor and is paid great attention in mid-summer, when the sun will cast its unsatisfied eye upon the same territory but upon a vastly different scene.

Floriman Andrews '44

\* \* \* \*  
 SOLEMN PRAYER  
 by  
 Floriman Andrews

Oh Keeper of great kingdoms,  
 The dear Lord of our birth,  
 Thou Maker of great heavens,  
 The sun, the moon and earth,

Is thine the hand that guides us  
 Along the path of strife?  
 Art Thou, mankind's Creator,  
 The taker of his life?

Has Thou two souls, oh Father,  
 With which to guide us right,  
 The first one great, yet gentle—  
 The other of cruel might?

Didst Thou make war for pleasure,  
 To touch the earth with blight,  
 Or just to guide Thy children,  
 And bring them all Thy light?

I pray it be for guidance;  
 In righteousness of mind—  
 May all the hosts of evil  
 Thy mighty judgement find.

\* \* \* \*

### "A TALL TALE"

Once upon a time when Brighton, Maine, was much, much larger than it is now, a hunter and trapper by the name of Lote Smith lived there. He often told this story, which was his favorite. I am going to tell it to you now in his own words.

"Wal, boys, " he's begin, "maybe you've heard this before, but I know you'll be glad to hear it again. One day, I'm goin through the woods with my gun slung over my shoulder when I spies a big pine stub with a hole down the middle. Bein 'quisitive as all really great hunters are, I decides to find out just what's inside o' that stub. So I lays my gun agin a tree and I climbs to the top of that stub. Wal, I git to the top and looks down the hollow when BANG!!! my gun slides down and goes off. That bullet whistles by my ear and it scares me so I jump straight into the air four feet, if it's an inch, off the stub. When I comes down I fall right straight inter the hollow.

Wal, I stays there two days and a half and when I come out I'm so thin people 'stake me for my own shadder. But the third morning I'm there I hear a scratch on the bark. I thinks to myself, 'Bet my old straw hat that's a bar! Wal, it is and here's what happens. I waits there and I'm scared almost to death. At last the bar comes down backwards and I'm in there waiting. At last he gets down fur enuf to reach his tail. Wal, I git a good



grip on his tail and gives a blood-curdling yell and that bar goes out of there on high. Me hanging on, I go out too. But when he gets outside of the tree I lets go, grabs my rifle and heads the other way. I run the whole four miles to my house. When I git there, I stuff myself so full of hot biscuits and good food I can't move for two days. But I bet that bar's still goin yet.

Alice Pooler '46

\* \* \* \*

#### RAIN IN THE VALLEY

by

George V. Young

The clouds are hanging low  
And the sun has ceased to shine.  
The wind is whispering softly  
In the tall and lonely pine.

Then the lightning flashes eerily  
On mountain, hill and dale.  
And the rumble of the thunder  
Echoes loudly through the vale.

The winds, now growing stronger  
Change the whispers to a wail;  
And the branches of the pine tree  
Sway and flutter in the gale.

O'er the valley and the pine tree  
Comes a silvery sheet of rain.  
The gloomy landscape darkens  
And the thunder speaks again.

The form of Old Bluff mountain  
Through the rain, so safe it looms.  
Now the lightning flashes brighter  
And again the thunder booms.

Then as quickly as it started  
The storm begins to cease.  
And silence fills the valley  
With a quiet, misty peace.

#### A PLEASANT WALK

One day as I was walking slowly through the woods, I saw the most admirable scene I had ever hoped to see.

I took a few steps up to the top of a cliff, where I spotted several yellow dashes on the trees zig-zagging through the woods. I happened to think that I had heard my father speak of those yellow dashes following the Appalachian Trail. I had followed the trail a few rods, when I heard a noise that not one out of a hundred would recognize. I stepped under a shabby old pine tree and waited until I heard the noise again. Then I discovered that the creature was in the tree over my head. I stepped aside, where I could get a full view of the swaying branches. I looked at the tree for a long time. Then my eyes caught view of a small shining black object the size of a pin point. I finally knew it was the eye of a tree toad. The rest of the tree toad's body blended with the olive-brown of the bark. I watched him for a few minutes and then moved on about the trail.

I happened to trip over a tiny twig; looking down to the ground, I discovered that my shoe was untied. I rested my foot on a stump so grey with age it had whiskers. Suddenly I heard a bubbling sound under the ground. Just ahead of me was a small stream of water, bubbling between the rocks. I caught sight of a small trout, and as I glanced around I discovered that the stream was full of small trout, feeding on little bits of moss. The rocks were covered with green moss, which seemed to be the trout's home.

At a right angle to the stream was an enormous beech tree, where squir-



rels and rabbits were gathering their winter's supply of nuts.

As I slowly walked away from the stream, I came into a back field, partly grown up with small fir and pine. I heard the chitter of a squirrel, and a nimble deer leaped across the opening into the darkness of the woods. Following her were twin fawns looking for protection.

There were various kinds of birds gathering to chatter about their journey south.

Later I came out on the main highway and I happened to notice a sign "Game Reserve". I was then satisfied to know why the animals were so friendly and tame.

This was a pleasant walk, especially since the leaves had on their variegated fall coats and the "seven sleepers," bear, snake, frog, raccoon, skunk, chipmunk and woodchuck, were getting their food for winter.

Mildred Beane '44

\* \* \* \*

#### ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Suddenly I found myself walking on top of a cloud. I couldn't imagine where I was at first; but after a while I found out, and it gave me a feeling of satisfaction to think that I, James Ingraham, had broken all the laws of science by actually walking on a cloud.

The air, at first, seemed very thin, but it did not take me long to adjust myself to this condition. I walked along with comparative ease, hopping from one cloud to another. After stretching my legs in this fashion, I sat down on a large billowy cloud. It felt just like a feather mattress, and I couldn't help thinking that maybe this cloud was made up of some of those feathers I had lost in my last pillow fight. As I sat there thinking, or trying to think, I saw a brilliant glow on the not-so-distant horizon. I rose slowly from the cloud and as I did, I realized that this glow was the most brilliant rainbow that I had ever seen, but even this strange and wonderful sight did not stir my blood so much as the yellowish glow at the end of it. I stood amazed as the thought of what the yellowish glow really was. It startled me so that I began to run toward it. It didn't seem far. I ran, and, as I ran, my feet seemed to take wings. I passed big clouds and small clouds, fat clouds and thin clouds. And then as I came from the midst of an especially large cloud, I stopped in amazement, for there in front of me sat all my fairy dreams, that fabulous pot of gold. With a mighty jump I leaped toward it, but just then something hit me. I looked up and saw my younger brother and heard my mother calling, "Come to breakfast."

James Ingraham '47





SENIOR PLAY CAST OF THE CLASS OF 1944

Seated (l. to r.): G. McMakin, H. Pierce, F. Tibbetts, M. VanDyk.  
 Standing: C. Lane, G. Goff, E. Lidstone, M. Beane.

CLASS OF '44

What Tibbie wants it's plain to see,  
 Is someone who's just six foot three.

Martha wants only to talk of Randy—  
 To the rest of us he's never handy.

A quiet corner where he can be alone  
 Is what Erwin wants for his very own.

Elisabeth writes essays against chewing  
 gum,  
 Yet when you look up, she's sure to have  
 some.

Do we wonder what Mildred is going to do?  
 Well she'll always be writing to the boys  
 in blue.

We wonder if Hazel will always have luck  
 She thinks she will, if she only has "Puck".

We question the fact of Florence's being a  
 crank  
 Evidently not, if one should ask Frank.

It falls on Floriman to tease the girls  
 Tickling, pinching, even pulling their curls.

To please Geraldine the thing to do  
 Is just to make the whole school new.

The seniors all say Christine's aim is to be  
 Manager of clerks at the "A. & P."





## JUNIOR CLASS

Standing (l. to r.): R. Chase, O. Giberson, D. Gordon, J. Berry, D. Sterling, W. York,  
Seated: S. Messer, N. Macdougall, J. Potter, B. Cates, E. Durgin, G. Goff, B. Pratt.

## JUNIOR CLASS

The junior class of 1944 has a membership of thirteen students. The class officers this year are: President, Gerald Berry; Vice-president, Barbara Pratt; Secretary-Treasurer, Omar Giberson.

Faculty Adviser, Mr. Kassay.

The junior representatives elected to the Student Council are Geneva Goff and Donald Sterling.

The junior class has not had any parties or assemblies this year but has led the other classes in the purchasing of defense stamps and bonds. So far this year, this class has purchased \$833.70 worth. For the first nine weeks' period, Nellie Macdaugall and Jeanette Potter were War Bond salesmen.

Those who took part in the Semi-final prize were: Nellie Macdougall,

Jeanette Potter, Wililam York, and Donald Sterling. Nellie Macdougall and Donald Sterling are among those chosen to speak in the finals.

Six members from our class took part in winter sports: Jeanette Potter, Nellie Macdougall, Elizabeth Durgin, Douglas Gordon, William York and Gerald Berry. The point winners were Nellie Macdougall, Gerald Berry, and Douglas Gordon.

There are two students of the Junior Class who made the Honor Roll this year. They are Nellie Macdougall and Geneva Goff.

Jeanette Potter '45

## "THE JUNIOR CLASS"

Of all the classes in Bingham High  
The juniors are the ones who take my eye;  
We always come on time to school,  
And never break the Golden Rule.



When at socials we are in charge,  
The attendance is always sure to be large;  
We usually plan to have something to eat  
With plenty of exercise for our feet.

In our classes we aren't so smart,  
But we always try to do our part;  
Some of us like to laugh and giggle,  
While others can do nothing but wiggle.

Now when it comes to carnival races  
The boys are the ones who make the paces;  
The girls stand back to shout and cheer  
And never once show signs of fear.

When as seniors we take our place  
And go upstairs our teachers to face;  
We hope we will meet their approval  
So they'll not authorize our removal.

And when it comes to graduation,  
If we arrive at that noble station,  
We'll grab our diplomes and hold them  
tight  
And rejoice in the fact that we won the  
fight.

Geneva Goff '45



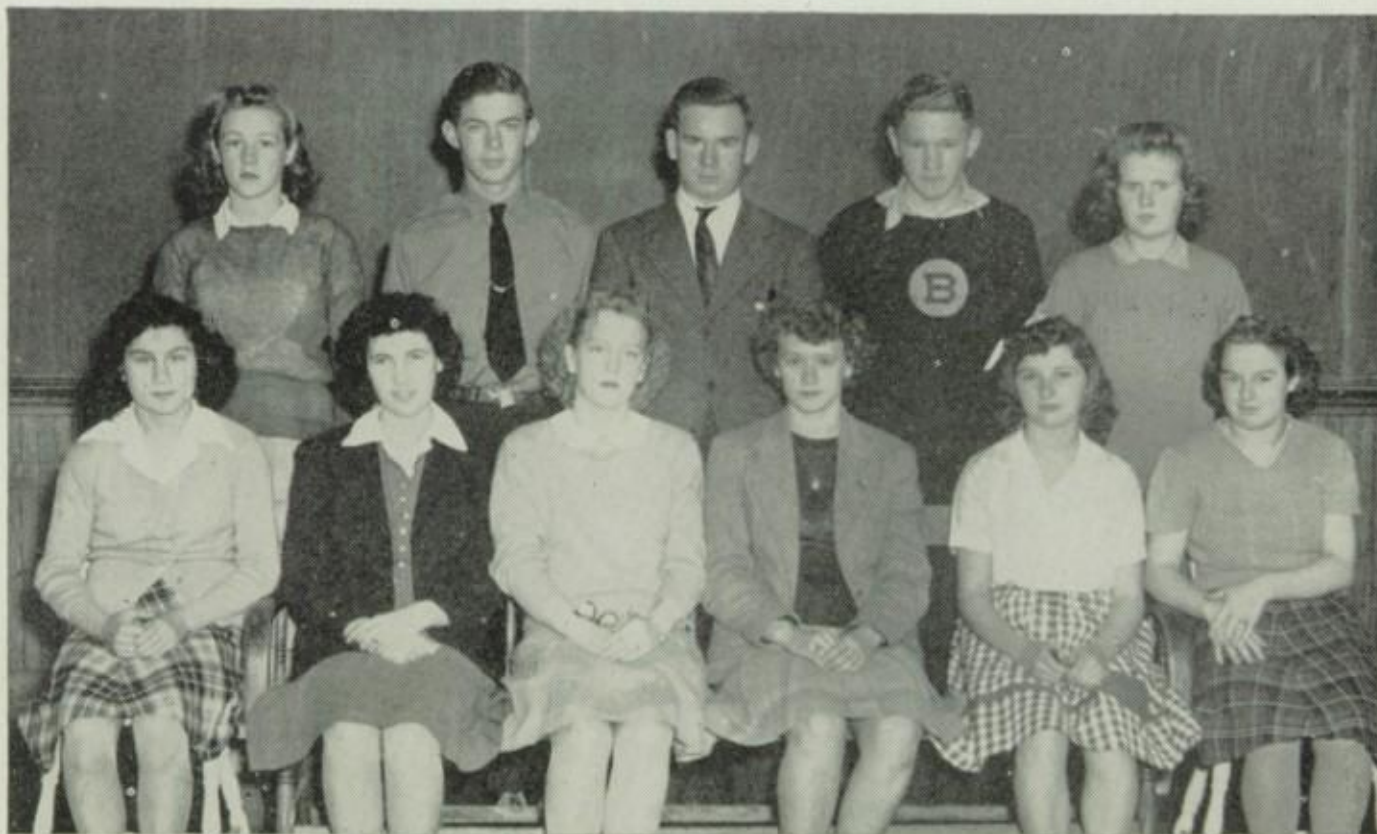
#### MOVIE TITLES

|                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| The Gang's All Here               | Perfect Attendance |
| There's Something About a Soldier |                    |
|                                   | Mildred Beane      |
| Hi Ya Sailor                      | Florence Gervais   |
| Let's Face It                     | Final Exams        |
| The Wrecking Crew                 | Manual Arts Class  |
| Uncensored                        | Rank Cards         |
| Gangway For Tomorrow              | Graduation Day     |
| Mission to Moscow                 | Pooler Girls       |
| Our Guardian Angel                | Faculty            |
| Swing Out the Blues               | School Party       |
| The Lost Angel                    | Eugene Henderson   |
| The Hard Way                      | Prize Speaking     |
| Stand By For Action               | At 3:29 P. M.      |
| Command Performance               | Assembly           |
| The Great Dictator                | Student Council    |

#### SONG TITLES

|                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Its Love, Love, Love          | Bertha & Gerry        |
| Don't Sweetheart Me           | Geraldine McMackin    |
| Star Eyes                     | Hazel Pierce          |
| By the River of the Roses     | Shirley Begin         |
| Take it From There            | Srs. to Jrs.          |
| Mairzy Doats                  | Omar Giberson         |
| I Never Mention Your Name     |                       |
|                               | Ruth about Ray        |
| My Ideal                      | Gloria to Buddy       |
| As Time Goes By               | Vacation              |
| Oh What a Beautiful Morning   | Saturday              |
| Down, Down, Down              | Chemistry Ranks       |
| Don't Get Around Much Anymore |                       |
|                               | "A" Ticket            |
| Why Don't You Do Right?       | James Ingraham        |
| People Will Say We're in Love |                       |
|                               | Whitman to K. Michaud |
| No Love, No Nothin'           | Edward Guay           |





#### SOPHOMORES

Standing (l. to r): E. Rollins, G. Young, R. Garland, P. Bean, M. Pratt.  
Seated: L. Chasse, F. Hall, S. Keene, B. Lane, G. Croteau, A. Pooler.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

When the class of 1946 entered high school last year, there were twenty-three members enrolled in the Freshmen class. This year there were eighteen members.

Although there have been no Sophomore parties or socials this year, the class put on a stunt for the king and queen of the Winter Carnival and have had their share of fun at parties put on by the Student Council. They hope to put on a party soon.

Ray Garland and Bertha Lane represented the class in Winter Carnival.

William O'Brien and Ray Garland also were on the football team last fall.

The class did well in its purchase of war bonds and stamps. William O'Brien, Ray Garland and Bertha Lane sold bonds and stamps. The class did well in contributions to the Red Cross.

Members on the Honor Roll during the year have been Alice Pooler, William O'Brien, Ray Garland and Gloria Croteau.

Members selected from the class to take part in prize speaking were William O'Brien, Ray Garland, Sandra Keene, Edward Guay, and Philip Beane. Those selected for the finals are William O'Brien, Ray Garland, Sandra Keene and Philip Beane.

Ray Garland and Gloria Croteau represented the class in a Quiz Kids' program which was presented at an assembly.

Members of the Student Council from the class are Helen Morris and Ray Garland.

The class officers are: President, Sandra Keene; Vice President, William O'Brien; Secretary, Bertha Lane; Treasurer, Gloria Croteau.





## FRESHMEN

Seated (l. to r.): H. Pooler, McDonald, C. Pooler, Lister, Quigley, D. Pooler, Bigelow Begin, McCarty, Manchester, Kennedy.

Standing (l. to r): Whitman, Henderson, Michaud, Bean, Adams, Michaud, Bridges, Pierce, Dunphy, Ingraham.

## FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

The Freshmen class entered high school last fall with an enrollment of 28. The students who were elected as class officers were: President, Eugene Henderson; Vice President, Lee Bridges; Secretary-Treasurer, Shirley Begin; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Quint.

The students who have been on the Honor Roll during the year are: John Dumphy, Eugene Henderson, Alvida Manchester, Hilda Pooler and Robert Whitman.

The Freshmen representatives elected for the Student Council were: Sterling Pierce and James Ingraham.

Although our class has been considered green beside the other classes, we have managed to put on some parties which were very successful.

Those taking part in the semi-final prize speaking were Coleen McCarty, Eugene Henderson, Alvida Manchester, Ruth Quigley, and James Ingraham. Those chosen for the finals were Ruth Quigley, James Ingraham and Coleen McCarty.

We have a very good record in the buying of Defense Stamps and Bonds with the total of \$1149.60 bought during the year.

Ruth Quigley '47





#### EIGHTH GRADE

Front Row (l. to r.): Joyce Hunnewell, Arlene Orr, Yvonne Fortin, Carmen Morris, Nellie Norris, Frances Heald, Beverly Rollins, Pauline Dionne, Alice Cahill, Edna Chasse.

Back Row: William Andrews, Allen Goff, Francis Hale, Edwin Morris, Emerson Robinson, Orland Hale, Reginald McCollar, Roger Woodard, Leon Moulton, Mathew Foster, Roger Wing, Floyd Lancaster, Kenneth Andrews and Clyde Brackett.

#### JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Dear Boreas,

When we looked at our calendar today we realized we hadn't written to you since last year!

So much has transpired we won't be able to tell you half of it, but we'll try to remember the most important things.

Last summer was grand! Of course we were busy. Several of us raised. Some of the girls canned and some of us raised hens and pigs.

September came and we went back to school. There were sixteen of us in grade seven and twenty-four in grade eight.

I suppose you will want to know who the class officers were. In grade

seven Dale Newton was elected President; Madeline Dionne, Secretary-Treasurer. Rachel Robinson was elected Student Council Representative.

Joyce Hunnewell was appointed as room health officer. She kept records of our height, weight and who wore a mask. You don't know what a mask is, do you? We have worn them in school all winter when we have a cold to protect people around us. Believe me, they did a lot of good, too.

We have had a contest this spring to see how many would get their teeth all fixed. We think now about twenty-five will be awarded a health emblem for this.

At Christmas we gave a pageant at





## SEVENTH GRADE

Front row (l. to r.): Colleen Rollins, Madeline Dionne, Merlene Young, Rachel Robinson, Eugenia Adams, Orlene Hutchins, Marcia Beane.

Back row: Dale Newton, Reginald Moulton, Alton Beane, Ronald Hall, Benoit Brochu, and Francis Pooler.

assembly. Those in the pageant were Marcia Beane, Ronald Hall, Francis Pooler, Kenneth and Wililam Andrews, Clyde Brackett, Emerson Robinson and Francis Hale. Practically all of the girls were in the chorus.

Several of us participated in the winter carnival on Friday afternoon, January 14. The following people received prizes of Defense Stamps:

Roger Wing won first place in the fifty yard, one hundred yard and the cross-country snowshoe races.

Allen Goff won first place in the fifty and one hundred yard ski dash, second place in the fifty yard snowshoe dash and second place in the downhill ski.

Bill Andrews came in third in the one hundred yard snowshoe dash.

Alton Beane placed second in the

one hundred yard snowshoe dash and third in the cross-country.

Frances Heald did the honors for the girls. She won second place in the downhill ski, second in the one hundred yard ski dash, second in the fifty yard snowshoe and second in the cross country ski.

Orland Hale had a bad accident that afternoon, but his leg has mended now.

Our stamp sale from September 1 to April 1 totaled \$381.00. That is enough to clothe and equip three WACS!

Our outlook isn't too pleasant just now for Achievement tests are coming and final tests but so is summer!

Very truly yours,  
Bingham Junior High School



## JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

## (Seventh Grade)

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Eugenia Adams   | Reginald Moulton |
| Benoit Brochu   | Dale Newton      |
| Alton Beane     | Ormand Malcolm   |
| Marcia Beane    | Francis Pooler   |
| Madeline Dionne | Rachel Robinson  |
| Ronald Hall     | Colleen Rollins  |
| Orlene Hutchins | Merlene Young    |
| Roger Mason     |                  |

## (Eighth Grade)

|                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| William Andrews | Joyce Hunnewell   |
| Kenneth Andrews | Floyd Lancaster   |
| Clyde Brackett  | Reginald McColler |
| Alice Cahill    | Carmen Morris     |
| Edna Chasse     | Edwin Morris      |
| Pauline Dionne  | Leon Moulton      |
| Yvonne Fortin   | Nellie Norris     |
| Mathew Foster   | Arlene Orr        |
| Allen Goff      | Emerson Robinson  |
| Francis Hale    | Beverly Rollins   |
| Orland Hale     | Roger Wing        |
| Frances Heald   | Roger Woodard     |







Winter Carnival



Cheering Section



Winter Carnival



Football Squad



The Start - Winter Carnival



The Flying Dutchman



Some people I've to be pushed around



Three Queens



On His Way





## PRIZE SPEAKING

Seated (l. to r.): C. McCarty, S. Keene, N. Macdougall, R. Quigley.  
 Standing: W. O'Brien, D. Sterling, F. Tibbetts, R. Garland, P. Beane, J. Ingraham.

## PRIZE SPEAKING

Prize Speaking was at Colby Theatre, April 14th. Those who took part are listed below:

Mr. Dooly on the Game of Baseball, Finley Peter Dunne—Ray Garland.

Robert of Sicily, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—Colleen McCarty.

Little Gentlemen, Booth Tarkington—Sandra Keene.

Grandmother of her Country, Donald Culross Peattie—Nellie Macdougall

Edith Economizes, Pauline Phelps—Ruth Quigley.

The Polack Teamster, Stanley Foss Bartlett—James Ingraham.

When Grandpa Logged for Paul, Homer A.

Watt—Donald Sterling.

The Devil and Daniel Webster, Steuhen Vincent Benet—Frances Tibbetts.

Time for Patriots, Editorial from "Life"—Philip Beane.

The Blue-Eyed Sheik, Katherine Kimball—William O'Brien.

Prizes were given by the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary.

The judges were Prin. C. M. Russell, of Solon High School; Mrs. Mary Lincoln, and Mrs. C. M. Andrews.

Prize winners: Ruth Quigley, William O'Brien; second prize winners: Frances Tibbetts, James Ingraham.





#### BASEBALL

Standing (l. to r.): Coach Quint, D. Sterling, W. O'Brien, D. Gordon, G. Berry, R. Garland.

Kneeling: J. Ingraham, S. Pierce, E. Henderson, W. York.



#### ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Standing (l. to r.): A. Goff, D. Gordon, G. Berry, D. Sterling.

Seated: L. Bridges, Mr. Quint, R. Garland.



# SPORTS

For the second successive year sports at Bingham High School operated on a wartime basis which confined them chiefly to interclass competition. There were two reasons for this shortened program: first, the problem of transportation for exchange games with other schools; second, a lack of interest brought about partly because we cannot have interscholastic games and partly because of a small enrollment of boys whose time in many cases is taken up with after school jobs. There is, of course, the additional problem of getting games with other schools since most schools in our class have practically abandoned athletics for the duration.

\* \* \* \*

## Baseball

We did, however, play three interscholastic games in baseball last spring: one with Solon, May 11, which we lost by the score of 3 to 2; one with Jackman, May 25, which was also lost, 13 to 5; and one with Solon, May 28, which we won by a 10 to 6 margin.

The following were members of the squad:

G. Berry, R. Garland, D. Sterling, E. Henderson, A. Heath, W. O'Brien, E. McIntyre, J. Ingraham, D. Gordon, J. Gordon, G. Adams, S. Pierce, E. Foster.

## Football

The football season was also brief. Intramurally it was not nearly as successful as the previous year because for various reasons it was seldom possible to field two full teams at the same time. There were four varsity games played in which we gained an even split, dividing the two games with The Forks and also with Solon. The following comprised the team:

G. Berry, R. Garland, B. Bean, W. York, A. Heath, D. Sterling, W. O'Brien, J. Ingraham, E. Henderson, S. Pierce, L. Bridges.

\* \* \* \*

## Winter Sports

On the 14th of January, we held our annual winter carnival which for the second year, was an interclass meet. It was an enjoyable day, with a good-sized group taking part. The carnival party was held in the evening with Gerald Berry being crowned king of the meet and Frances Heald, (in the absence of Evelyn Bigelow, high point winner for girls) being crowned queen. The point winners:

### Boys

G. Berry 17, A. Goff 16, R. Wing 15, L. Cates 9, D. Gordon 6, A. Beane 5, L. Bridges 2, E. Henderson 1, W. Andrews 1.

### Girls

E. Bigelow 27, F. Heald 11, B. Lane 3.





#### PHYSICAL TRAINING PICTURE

Front Row (l. to r.): G. Croteau, R. Quigley, G. Goff, C. Lane, M. VanDyk, H. Pierce, E. Bigelow, A. Manchester, N. Macdougall, M. Beane, B. Lane.  
 Back Row: C. Brackett, F. Hale, O. Hale, R. Hall, O. Giberson, F. Tibbetts, G. Berry, R. Garland, S. Pierce, F. Pooler.



#### FOOTBALL

Standing (l. to r.): Coach Quint, B. Bean, W. O'Brien, D. Gordon, D. Sterling, W. York.  
 Seated (l. to r.): J. Ingraham, S. Pierce, G. Berry, R. Garland, E. Henderson.



# EXCHANGES

Although we have not had an exchange department for several years, we are resuming it this year.

\* \* \* \*

The Pemetic  
Pemetic High School  
Southwest Harbor

You have a very good literary department. But why not consolidate your jokes?

\* \* \* \*

The Islander  
Bar Harbor High School  
Bar Harbor

An excellent book. Your "Drollery" is very original.

Laural  
Farmington High School  
Farmington

May we congratulate you on your fine year book.

\* \* \* \*

Pine Needles  
Mattanawcook Academy  
Lincoln

We found your book very interesting. Your poetry and jokes are especially good.

\* \* \* \*

The Northern Lights  
Stearns High School  
Millinocket

Your book is very interesting. We like your originality.





# ALUMNI

## CLASS OF 1939

David Alkins Employed in Roanoke, Va.  
Lawrence Bushey Married to Ernestine Andrews. One daughter. Employed at A. & P. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Phyllis Dudley Married to Lt. Raymond Lemieux. Residing in Waterville, Maine.

Stanton Giberson U. S. Navy. Pacific Area.

Rowena Goff Married to Stanton Giberson. Residing in San Francisco, California.

Cora Hinkley Married.

Angie McQuilkin Married to Maynard Safford. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Frances McQuilkin Married to Albert Bigelow. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Florence Rideout Married to Albert Parsons. One son. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Richard Spaulding U.S. Army Air Corps. Stationed at Selman Field, Monroe, La.

Roberta Young Married to Stanley Atwood. Two sons. Residing in Bingham, Me.

Erland Ricker U. S. Army. Somewhere in England. Married to Leona Laweryson.

Earl Smith U. S. Army. Somewhere in Italy.

Aubrey Smith U. S. Army. Stationed in Georgia.

## CLASS OF 1940

Katherine Bailey Attending N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

Norma Beane Employed as typist in Augusta, Maine.

Geraldine Berry Married to Herbert Martin. Residing in San Antonio, Texas.

Sylvia Brewer Married.

Pearl Chase Attending Skowhegan Commercial School.

Jean Crombie Training at New Hampshire Memorial Hospital, Concord, New Hampshire.

Jeanette Dunton Telephone Operator at Seattle, Washington.

Althea Fecteau Married to Adelaide Roy. One child. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Shirley Hilton Telephone operator at Arlington, Virginia.

Phyllis Moulton Married to Elmer Berry. Residing at Wyman Dam.

Geneva Smith Married to Alfred Hendsby. Residing in Boston, Mass.

Ruth Sterling Residing in Bingham, Me. Married to Glen Perkins, U. S. Army Air Corps.

Pearl Tyler Married to Stanley Gleason. Residing in Solon, Maine.

Blaine Hale U. S. Army. Stationed in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Alvin Morine U. S. Marine Corps. Stationed in North Carolina.

Albert Dunton U. S. Navy Air Corps. Pacific Area.

## CLASS OF 1941

Louis Batchelder U. S. Army Air Corps. Somewhere in India.

Eugene Beane U. S. Army. Manchester, Conn.

Merle Chase Working in Portland, Me.

Eunice Chase Married to Omar French. One son. Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Arlene Edell Married to Carroll Martin. One daughter. Residing in Anson, Maine.

William Folsom U. S. Army. Stationed in Colorado.



June Gilbert Working in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Milton Laweryson U. S. Navy. Somewhere in the Pacific.

Geraldine Miller Training at C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, Maine.

Rachel Moore Attending Mass. School of Pharmacy, Boston, Mass.

Maynard Robinson U. S. Army. Stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C.

Arno Sherpardson U. S. Army. Stationed in Texas.

Jessie Steward Married. One child. Residing in Pleasant Ridge.

Doris Taylor Student at Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

Virginia Young Joined W. A. V. E. S. Stationed at Hunter College, New York.

#### CLASS OF 1942

Carolyn Carl Working in Washington, D. C.

Roberta Dunton Private Secretary in Washington, D. C.

Anna Keene Student at U. of M., Orono, Maine.

Leah Macdougall Student at Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine.

Roland McQuilkin Residing in Moscow, Maine.

Norman McQuilkin U. S. Army Air Corps. Pacific Area.

Constance Moore Married to Ensign Aniello Tancredi. Residing in Norfolk, Va.

Eleanor Pooler Residing in Bingham, Maine.

Lawrence Pooler U. S. Army. Atlantic Area.

Esther Smith Attending Business School in Boston, Mass. Residing in Malden, Mass.

Leon McDonald U. S. Army Air Corps. Stationed in Dayton, Ohio.

Pauline Steward Attending Skowhegan Commercial School.

Norene Ward Working in Boston, Mass. Residing in Malden, Mass.

#### CLASS OF 1943

Margaret Alkins Attending Sargents College, Cambridge, Mass.

Evander Andrews Jr. U. S. Navy. Stationed at Sampson, N. Y.

Leola Atwood Residing at home.

Edith Berry Training at Sisters' Hospital, Waterville Maine

Edwina Chasse Residing at Bingham, Maine.

Florence Edell Working at Keyes Fibre Company. Residing in Fairfield, Maine.

Helen Foster Attending Skowhegan Commercial School.

John Gordon U. S. Army. Stationed at North Carolina.

Jean Macdougall Attending Farmington Normal School, Farmington, Maine.

Shirley McQuilkin Married to Ross Harrington. One son. Residing in Moscow, Me.

Frances Stuart Residing at Bingham, Maine. Married to Emmanuel Foster. In Paratroops.

Rachel Wing Employed in New York City 16, New York.



# JOKES

A small boy was hurrying to school, and as he hurried he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late". Just then as he ran he stumbled and exclaimed, "Well, you don't have to shove me!"

\* \* \* \*

"Now, then Tommy Brown," said the teacher, "I want to set you a little problem. Suppose there were five children and their mother had only four potatoes to share among them. She wanted to give each child an equal share. How could she do it?"

"Mash the potatoes," said the boy.

\* \* \* \*

Archibald Percival Reginald Earl decided one evening to call on his girl. Together they talked of their "kith and their kin".

He said, "May I kith you," and she said, "You Kin".

\* \* \* \*

"I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

\* \* \* \*

Would This Be True of Students?

A young lady recently applied for a position in a government office. She asked the clerk how many girls worked in the office, and he said about half of them.

\* \* \* \*

Customer: "The sausage you sent me were meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other."

Butcher: "Quite so, madam. In these hard times it is very difficult to make both ends meat."

\* \* \* \*

A school teacher was recently stopped in Detroit for driving through a stop sign and was given a ticket calling for her appearance in traffic court the following Monday. She went for the immediate disposal of her case.

"So," said the judge sternly, "you're a school teacher. That's fine. Madam, your presence here fulfills a longstanding ambition for me. For years I have yearned to have a school teacher in this court. "Now," he thundered, "you sit right down at that table over there and write 'I went through the stop sign' 500 times."

\* \* \* \*

Bill: "Speaking of facial characteristics, do you know that I was once taken for President Roosevelt?"

Will: "And a man once mistook me for the Kaiser."

Gus: "That's nothing; a few weeks ago an old school chum of mine stepped up to me on the street and remarked, 'Holy Moses, is that you?' "

\* \* \* \*

The small boy had just started school, and after a week he said: "Mummy, the teacher asked me all about you and daddy, and if I had any sisters and brothers."

"I'm glad to see her taking so much interest," replied the mother. "What did you tell her?"

"I said I was an only child."

"And what did she say to that?" asked the mother.

"Oh, just 'Thank heavens'. "

\* \* \* \*

Real Bookkeeper

A business man was examining applicants for the job of bookkeeper.

"Of course you understand double entry?" the man said.

"Sure," said the applicant. "The last job I had I kept the books triple entry—one set for the boss, showing the real profits; a second for the shareholders, showing no profits; and a third set for the income tax people, showing a loss."



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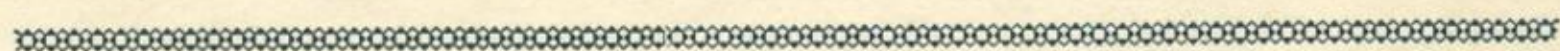
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